

Here's my fucking story.

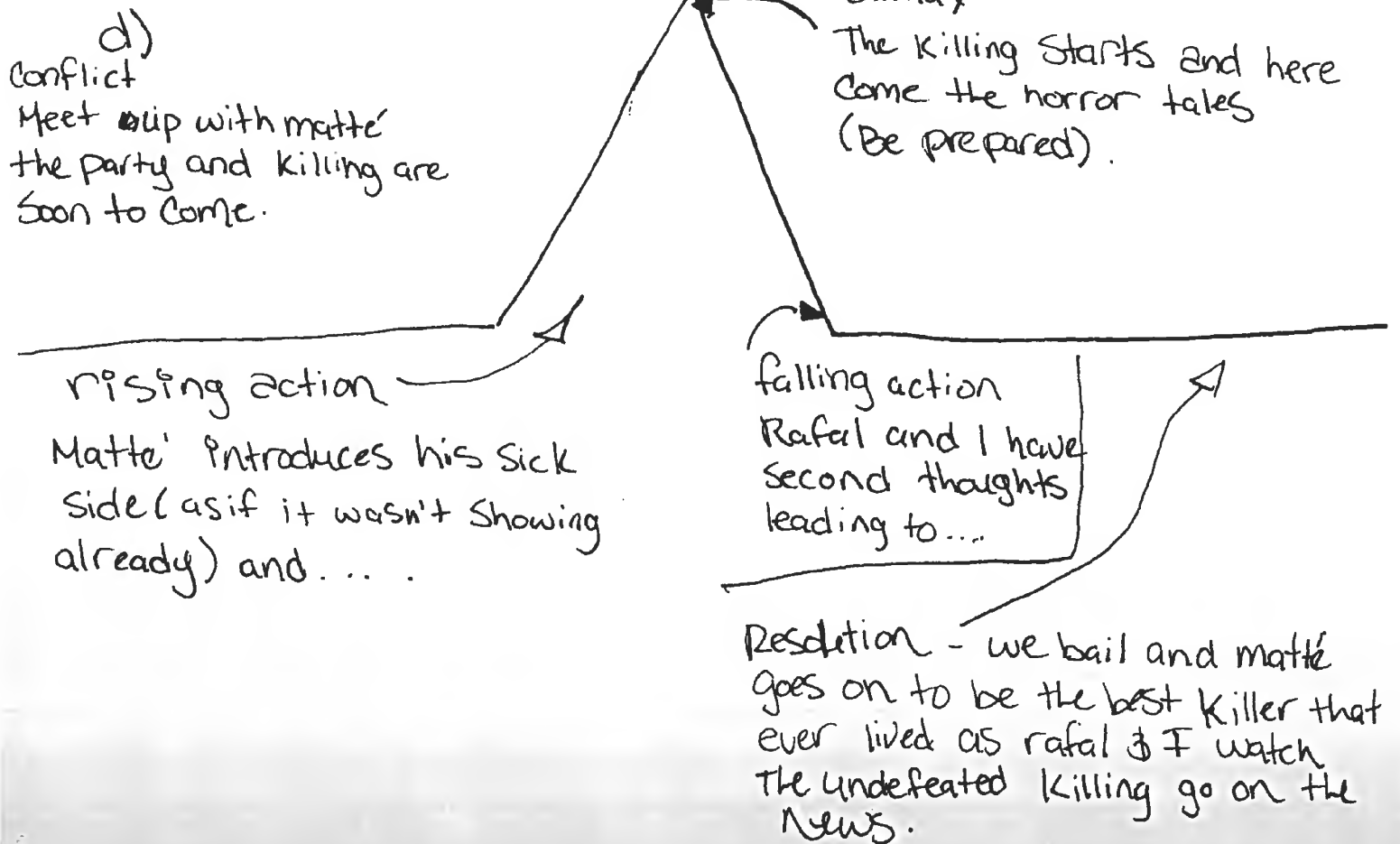
It was a long haul, we were slowly becoming ~~involved~~ engulfed in the wonderful blackness we like to call night. I looked over at Raff in the drivers seat he looked tired but happy that we got the fuck out of that dreadful little hicktown where we lived together for over 10 years. I saw his eyes widen, since I'm staring at him I'm like "What?" "hitchhiker." Fuck. I hated this "fine pull over but I'm not happy" And he did, just like I knew he would. He was in all black, A black hat with some weird logo - that was black - figures. black gloves cut off at the fingertips - must be a biker I thought, "looks like you picked a good one baby". "damn straight!" he loved this. The guy opened the back door and got in smoking.

"Hey, I'm Meesha." I said first and beat Raff to it. he ~~took~~ gave me a glance, as if to tell me fuck you.
"I'm Matté thanks for the ride, hey budd what's your name?" Raff glanced at me again "yeah yeah, I'm Raff."
"Where ya' headed?" I asked - we picked up speed in our Subaru Impreza.

"No where really, to tell you the truth" he was still smoking - we were outa smokes so I said "wanna toss us a smoke? You can come along for the ride?" Raff gave me the harshest glance - well third times the charm I suppose.
I turned around in my seat he was pulling out 2 smokes
"ya sounds good!" he said I reached for the smokes.

SUPPORT QUESTIONS unit 1, Lesson 5, page 6

- a) My story takes place in alberta / it takes place in 2015
- b) Myself - a twisted cruel thoughted girl who had a slight mental deficiency since birth only to meet a best friend who shares the same qualitys (meesha) ~~Random~~
 Matte - the ~~best friend~~ who has the same passions such as Killing likes to travel.
 Rafal - The boyfriend who travels with meesha only to meet matte who inspires Killing, something that has been lying dormant within him & meesha.
- c) The point of view is through my eyes, so in first person Protagonist. I chose this point of view because I figured when your just starting to write stories you can make more sense talking from your point of view.



I Put one in my mouth and passed one to Raff. He rolled the window down and sparked it, then passed me the lighter, I sparked my smoke and took a puff... there was a moment of silence, Raff wasn't saying anything so again I took the lead. "Matté, might you know if there's any bars or inns around here"? "If not both in one". I added. Raff looked at me and smiled "Now that sounds like a good idea." Matté spoke up "No. I wouldn't know, but I've heard there's a cozy little place up the road about 30 miles". "Sounds like that's where we're headed then." Raff said with another smile.

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We pulled in and the bar looked as if it was still live, and just like Matté said there was a shitty looking motel right beside it. Raff looked happy and explained everything was on the house tonight. Matté just tipped his hat to him and said "Cheers". We all went in together and decided bar stools were fucking Amazing.

Before I knew it I was feeling pretty good and it looked like everyone else was feeling the same, I clued in the ^{omit subject} ~~the conversation~~ I had unknowingly been ~~conversing~~ ^{omit} conversating about.

Raff: "I've always enjoyed a little bit of blood".

Matté: "Well, that's what I'm saying a little blood can't hurt, as long as it's not you bleeding".

Raff: "You know what? that's so true, eh babe".

Me: "fuckin' Right". I said realizing it was actually true - I felt

That wonderful rollercoaster feeling in my stomach, I knew this was going to be fun, I guess Raff was right about this one. In the back of my head I heard Raff suggest the Motel rooms, I snapped out of it and agreed.

The motel had about 16 rooms all on one floor, the paint on the front door was peeling, but only in certain spots, some side shingles were missing... big deal, at least the glass on the front door was clean, I could see myself. I straightened out my tangled blonde hair. We walked in Raff got 2 rooms. He had room 6 he had room 13. I smiled.

We told matte we were gonna check out the room & he should too. He did and said he'd be back in a minute. We ~~checked~~^{scoped} it out, key went into the lock easily. The walls were painted a nice scarlett color. The bathroom was tidy and clean. Then a knock at the door. Raff opened it "yeah it's nice thanks man I owe ya one" matte said. He also added "hey man since this night is on you wanna bring some beer over from the bar"?

I looked at Raff & held out my hand, he ~~took~~^{brought} out his wallet and took out 2 20's and put them in my hand, a great big kiss & I was on my way.

I slowly walked over to the bar with the 40\$ in my back pocket, I walked inside through the shabby doors.

I asked for a case

"2 12's or 1 24"? he asked, I figured one 24 would be easier to carry.

So I grabbed that and walked back

When I got there I put the 2-4 down and the door was locked, so I knocked. Ruff came to the door and let me in, he picked up the 2-4 and brought it in.

"Baby, you know how we like to dream?"

"Yeah baby why?" "And where's matte?"

"Go into the bathroom" he said while opening ~~us~~ a beer.

And so I did, I walked through the door only to see the most beautiful sight - a gorgeous blonde, sock in, mouth duct tape over that. She was making muffled noises that sounded like the word "help". Her hands were tied behind the chair and ~~and~~

~~and~~ each ankle tied to one leg of the chair. Her white blouse had already been ripped or cut in the middle and on the arms. Matte was looming over her playing with her hair. Her mascara was running down her face. I smiled and yelled

"BABY! I Love you!"